THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 25, 1802.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

SHERIFFS' COURT.

CRIM. CON.

JACKSON *v.* LORD VISCOUNT MILSINGTOWN.

A Jury was impannelled on Saturday, January 9, 1802, by the ſheriffs, in order to aſſeſs the damages in the above cauſe, where judgment was ſuffered to go by default. The damages were laid at 10,000l.

Mr. Serjeant Beſt addreſſed the jury on the part of the plaintiff, who he ſaid was Mr. Henry Jackſon, a gentleman in the profeſſion of the law. The defendant, Lord Viſcount Milſingtown, was the eldeſt ſon of the wealthy Earl of Portmore.—The unfortunate lady, the object of his ſeduction, was the granddaughter of a moſt reſpectable baronet in Kent (Sir C. Biſhop), and niece to Sir George Warren; her father was at this time a colonel in the army.

The union between Mr. and Mrs. Jackſon took place on the 26th of September, 1791. The huſband and wife, it would be ſhewn, lived together in the moſt perfect love and harmony. In the year 1793 Mr. Jackſon had the misfortune to be afflicted with a paralytic ſtroke, which made it neceſſary for him to ſuſpend all application to buſineſs, and retire to the country, for the purpoſe of ſtrengthening his health. He took apartments in Sunbury, where Mrs. Jackſon attended on him with all that care, attention, and anxiety, that could have been ſhewn by the moſt aſſiduous and affectionate of wives. Their mutual harmony continued down to July, 1799, when Mrs. Jackſon went to Sporrengton, in Suſſex, on a viſit to her father (Colonel

Biſhop) and mother. Sir George and Lady Warren being then at Brighton, invited Major and Mrs. Vince (ſiſter to Mrs. Jackſon), and three other unmarried ſiſters, to paſs the race week with them; and ſhortly afterwards they were joined by Colonel Biſhop; and Mrs. Jackſon, and her ſiſters were invited by Lady Charles Somerſet to a ball and ſupper, which commenced the acquaintance between Mrs. Jackſon and Lord Milſingtown, who was introduced to her by Sir George Warren. His lordſhip ſelected Mrs. Jackſon for his partner, and it was remarked that he paid her very particular attention; but ſhe came up to London in a few days.

In the ſummer following the ſame ladies were on a viſit to Mrs. Middleton, ſiſter to Sir William Middleton, and uncle to the plaintiff, at Eton, and it happening that the Aſcot races took place at that time, they made a party to it, and were joined by Lord Milſingtown, who was afterwards introduced to Mrs. Middleton, at her houſe, both by Mrs. Jackſon and Miſs Biſhop, as a ſuitor of the latter young lady. Mr. Jackſon going down, in a day or two afterwards, a ſimilar introduction took place between him and Lord Milſingtown. There enſued ſeveral water parties on the river, and things ſeemed ſo far drawing to a concluſion, that Mr. Jackſon, willing to promote ſo advantageous a match with a nobleman of Lord Milſingtown's rank and fortune (which conſideration was frequently preſſed upon him by his lady), and being ſolicited to do ſo by Miſs Biſhop herſelf, gave his lordſhip an invitation to his houſe, which the latter accepted, and continued his viſits there all the ſummer of 1800, ſtill appearing to direct his attention to Miſs Biſhop.

In conſequence of the frequent reports of the intended marriage, Lord Milſingtown, with Mr. and Mrs. Jackſon, and Miſs Biſhop, were invited, and paid viſits to Colonel Biſhop, their father, and ſeveral other perſons. At length Mr. Jackſon finding that his lordſhip made no propoſals, and having ſuſpicions of his illicit intentions, communicated to his wife his deſign to break off with, and inform him, that his viſits muſt be diſcontinued. The lady wiſhed to diſſuade him from doing ſo under different pretences, and even quarrelled with him on the ſubject; but he perſiſted in his determination, and left it to Mrs. Jackſon to inform Lord Milſingtown of it in what manner ſhe pleaſed. The communication being made, the plaintiff's eyes were ſoon opened, to his ſurpriſe and mortification, by the elopement of his wife a few days afterwards.

In one of Mrs. Jackſon's drawers he found, upon ſearch, a letter, which left no farther doubt of what had taken place. The letter was nearly as follows:

" I hope moſt earneſtly very ſoon to ſee that my beloved Harriet was not worſe for the expedition of yeſterday. I wiſhed very much to have called this morning, to have inquired after

after her, but thought if I did, I ſhould not have the pleaſure of paſſing the evening with the only woman in the world that I have the ſmalleſt attachment to, an attachment ſo ſtrong and fixed, that nothing in the world can alter. I never can be happy till we live together, with that dear little angel that ſo reſembles the figure of its deareſt mother; it makes me quite miſerable, the thoughts of leaving town; I cannot bear to be ſeparated from you, my love! I hope it will not be the caſe; I am ſure we could be happy together, and my only ſtudy the happineſs of you, my adored Harriet, and the welfare of your children. Pray, my love, let me ſee you to-morrow if it is in your power. I wiſh VERY, VERY much that we may meet to fix when we ſhall meet not to part again. Perhaps you will not have an opportunity of reading this before I am obliged to leave you, therefore I will be in Hart-ſtreet, at the uſual place, at twelve o'clock to-morrow; pray come as ſoon after as you can; and believe me, moſt ſincerely, affectionately, and faithfully, your's ever, M."

The gentlemen on the other ſide may aſk why he did not bring Miſs Biſhop forward to prove any part of the caſe? His reply was, that ſhe being the ſiſter of the fallen lady, and having been the pretended object of Lord Milſingtown's addreſſes, his client would ſooner forego all the advantages he could derive from her evidence, or even forego all damages whatever, than commit ſuch an outrage on the delicacy of the young lady, and the feelings of her family.

Mrs. Oſborne proved, that in 1794, the plaintiff and his wife took lodgings at her houſe, at Sunbury, kept one maid-ſervant, and reſided there four months. She never obſerved in any wife a greater degree of affectionate attention, or a more correct deportment. In ſeveral viſits which ſhe ſince made at their houſe in London, ſhe could obſerve nothing between them but mutual love and happineſs

Mr. Lawbert Middleton ſaid he was nephew to Sir William Middleton, and firſt couſin to the plaintiff, between whom and his wife he always ſaw the moſt perfect harmony and affection prevail. He was a frequent viſitor at their houſe, ever ſince their marriage, and of late was accuſtomed to meet the defendant there, whom he conſidered as a ſuitor to Miſs Biſhop, to whom he always paid moſt particular attention.—On his croſs-examination he ſaid, he obſerved theſe attentions when there were younger ladies in company, as for inſtance the witneſs's ſiſter. He acknowledged, however, that he never heard Lord Milſingtown make any declaration of that kind, nor did he ſay a word to him on the ſubject one night that they went home together in a coach from Mr. Jackſon's houſe. He was preſent when Mrs. Jackſon was viſited by Sir G. Warren, and ſeveral other of her relations, and never before heard of any thing blameable in her conduct.

Mrs. Middleton, mother of the above witneſs, depoſed that in the two laſt ſummers Mrs. Jackſon and her ſiſter, Miſs Biſhop, viſited at her houſe at Eton, and in the firſt of theſe viſits, in going to Aſcot Heath races, were accoſted by Lord Milſingtown with equal politeneſs to all. She ſaw nothing particular in his addreſs, and if it was more directed towards Miſs Biſhop than any other, it might be aſcribed to her being the youngeſt preſent, and a ſingle lady. His lordſhip was polite and attentive to them all, ſupplying them with Sandwiches, and ſuch refreſhments as they wanted, in conſequence of which ſhe invited him to ſup at her houſe, which invitation he accepted. She, however, ſuppoſed him to be a ſuitor to Miſs Biſhop, or ſhe would not have aſked him; and on aſking that lady whether it was ſo or not, ſhe ſmiled, and neither affirmed nor denied it. On the queſtion being aſked, ſhe ſaid that Mrs. Jackſon was a very pretty, faſcinating, woman.

A daughter of the foregoing lady ſaid, that ſhe had been upon frequent viſits at Mr. Jackſon's, ſometimes for a week, and ſometimes for a month together. She never obſerved any thing improper in the conduct of Mrs. Jackſon, or ſhe ſhould not have ſtaid there. During her laſt viſit ſhe ſaw Lord Milſingtown frequently at the houſe, and obſerved he paid particular attention to Miſs Biſhop, but never heard of his making any declaration, though ſhe always underſtood him to be that lady's ſuitor.

Here the evidence was cloſed.

Mr. Dallas then addreſſed the Jury, and ſaid, It could not be ſuppoſed that in any obſervations he ſhould make, he meant to impute to Mr. Jackſon that he connived at or knew of any illicit conduct; and Lord Milſingtown himſelf admitted it in ſuffering judgement to go by default; but, on the other hand, if he was guilty of negligence or inattention, that circumſtance muſt weigh materially in mitigation of damages. The queſtion therefore is, whether he has conducted himſelf as a diſcreet, prudent, and attentive huſband, and whether by your verdict, after hearing all the circumſtances, your own characters and conſciences will allow you to proclaim ſuch an opinion to the world? The learned ſerjeant has endeavoured ſtrongly to impreſs you with the deep artifices and diſſimulation of my client. But I fancy he will find ſome difficulty to perſuade you, that with all that knowledge of the world which is aſcribed to him, he would venture to practiſe ſuch artifices on an attorney; or that an attorney was likely to become the dupe of ſo young a nobleman. He could not well be accuſed of meaning any thing diſreſpectful of the profeſſion to which he had the honour to belong, when he obſerved, that the occupation of an attorney was peculiarly calculated to render men converſant with the manners of life, clear-ſighted, obſerving, and ſuſpicious. If ſo, how are

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we to imagine that this affair ſhould be going on ſo long a time, and that Mr. Jackſon, with all the guarded caution of an attentive huſband about him, ſhould be ſo totally unſuſpicious as to take no notice whatever, nor feel the leaſt alarm at the noble lord's never having made any propoſals to Miſs Biſhop. Law and reaſon itſelf required in ſuch a proceſs as this, even beyond all others, that the beſt evidence ſhould be brought forward, which the nature of the cauſe would admit of. Why then was not Miſs Biſhop brought forward, who might have fully eſtabliſhed the principal point which the plaintiff aimed at, and which alone could entitle him to conſiderable damages? The plea of the indelicacy of her appearing to prove the infidelity of her ſiſter, could have but little effect upon the minds of the jury. On the contrary, nothing could be more honourable than for that lady to appear, and, in vindicating the character of the plaintiff, eſtabliſh at the ſame time the purity of her own honour. Her teſtimony might juſtify them both for ſuffering ſcenes of that kind to paſs for ſo long a time under their own eyes. But if this delicacy was to be obſerved towards Miſs Biſhop, why not produce the colonel, their father, and Sir George and Lady Warren, to corroborate what has been ſtated of the duplicity of the defendant? Surely it could not be contended that theſe parties were not to be found. There were alſo the ſervant-maids retained latterly in the family, and ſervants were known by ſome means or other always to gain ſome information on ſubjects of this kind.

It was extremely remarkable that none of theſe had been produced, nor indeed any other perſon who could poſitively aſſert that Miſs Biſhop had herſelf ever declared the noble lord to be her ſuitor; and what was moſt extraordinary of all, Mr. Jackſon himſelf, throughout the whole of theſe very ſuſpicious proceedings, never once thought it neceſſary to aſk Lord Milſingtown what were his objects, or whether they were honourable. It has been eſtabliſhed in evidence that the frail Mrs. Jackſon was beautiful and faſcinating. It was aſſerted alſo, as it never failed to be on ſuch occaſions, that before the preſent affair ſhe was virtuous and honourable. It might be ſo indeed, but it was hard truſting to ſuch aſſertions of counſel. There was ſcarcely any married woman who could not obtain ſuch a character. Experience, however, proved to us that frequently women, who are ſaints here, are ſinners in Bond ſtreet.

In concluſion, the learned counſel adverted to the circumſtance of Miſs Biſhop's not having been brought forward as a witneſs, the conſequence of which might be to blaſt all the plaintiff's hopes and proſpects, ſhould he be diſpoſed to inſtitute proceedings in a ſtill higher tribunal (the Houſe of Lords), which would inſtantly reject his petition for a divorce, upon being informed

informed that the production of the beſt poſſible witneſs was refuſed.

The ſheriff ſummed up the evidence in a perſpicuous manner, and obſerved to the jury that their preſent buſineſs was, not to enquire into the guilt of the defendant, for that was already admitted in his ſuffering judgment to paſs by default, but to aſſeſs the retribution in damages for an injury, which, under ſome circumſtances, was perhaps as great as any that one man could commit againſt another.

After about half an hour's deliberation, the jury found a verdict of two thouſand pounds damages againſt the defendant, with coſts of ſuit.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Deſcription of the Miſeries of exceſſive Drinking.

THERE is ſomething in death that makes even the moſt gay and thoughtleſs ſerious for a while; but it ſoon vaniſhes, and the ſcene they endeavour to expel, by ſeeking refuge with their riotous companions, flowing cups, and idle tales; too ſure is it to ſucceed, for the mind will have its natural bent, and the habits it has been moſt accuſtomed to will ever predominate, and gain aſcendancy over thoſe which they have neither inclination or wiſh to encourage. The company they have been uſed to aſſociate with are ſought with eagerneſs; whilſt the ſerious and grave are ſhunned with the utmoſt caution.

Take a view of one of thoſe ſocieties, whoſe whole ſtudy is to find out, every day, ſome place where they can keep themſelves to themſelves, and go through a day with them: After the fumes of the intoxicating glaſs have ſunk them to ſleep, they awake, burning with fever, thirſt, and pains; to get relief from theſe, reſource is had to the bottle, and the morning is ſpent by ſome in loitering and lounging about on chairs, tables, or whatever happens in their way; others, in noiſe, crazineſs, and committing miſchief with every thing they come nigh; others, perhaps, in the ſports of the field; any thing to paſs away time, till they can enjoy their glaſs again. Whatever avocations they may have in the different concerns of this life, they cannot be attended to; the mind and brain are too heated and inflamed to regard any thing but the companions and jollity of the bowl. At dinner, with pallid appetites, they ſit at table for form; and the greateſt pleaſure then derived is in the idea, that the time will ſhortly arrive, when they can begin again; if it ſhould happen, that a grave, ſober perſon be preſent, what then can they be compared to? They appear as a ſet of fools, aſhamed of

themſelves, afraid to look ſuch a man in the face, racking and endeavouring to find ſomething plauſible to ſay, to make him think well of them, but in vain; for the more they try the more they are confuſed, and the farther from accompliſhing their ends, and either ſit as mutes, wiſhing his departure, or burſt forth in noiſy, ſenſeleſs mirth, till they drive him from their company. They then begin to enjoy themſelves, but they cannot be called themſelves till they are rouſed by the quickly circulating glaſs. Their natural flow of ſpirits is drowned, their converſation loſt till found in liquor, and their manners to each other more like to a ſavage tribe of Africa than men. The evening is ſpent in outvying each other in ſwearing, obſcene language, teazing, quarrelling, drinking, and ſuch employments, till glutted with drink, overwhelmed with noiſe and riot, this day is finiſhed as the laſt, and they are dead, till fever and thirſt awaken them to reſume their career again.

This is ſo true a deſcription of many people in this age, that it will make thoſe who have not an opportunity of being in their ſociety, ſhudder to think that ſuch a ſet of beings exiſt, who thus not only abuſe the comforts and enjoyments which they are bleſſed with for the ſupport of themſelves, but by this abuſe, they deſtroy their real happineſs for the ſhort period they are here; premature age ſtares them in the face, a life is ended ſcarcely begun, and they are borne to the grave before they thought of death: even ſuch an end as this has but little effect on the companions left behind; ſorrow is buried as ſoon as the corpſe, and freſh acquaintances are ſoon found to ſupply their places.

Serious Reflections, written in ſome ſequeſtered Scenes near Oakhampton Caſtle.

[From Lipſcomb's Journey into Cornwall.]

THE murmuring of the river, the venerable remains of

" Ivy mantled towers,"

nodding over the pellucid current, and the mild radiance of the moon juſt peeping through the wood, afforded my mind a ſeries of the moſt pleaſing ideas; and huſhed into compoſure and tranquillity all the harſher emotions of the ſoul.

To theſe ſequeſtered ſcenes has genius oft retired from the noiſe of the buſy crowd; here, lulled into contemplation, or exalted into rapture, may the brighteſt ornaments of literature and of poeſy have gleaned the ſweets which give a poliſh to their works! To ſituations like this are we indebted for the ſoft elegance of refined ſentiment, the glow of pathos, and the irreſiſtible

ſiſtible charms of ſublimity. Our admiration of the beauties of nature, heightens the influence of hiſtoric recollection. While we contemplate the matchleſs verdure of the fields, the umbrageous dignity of the foreſt, both meliorated by the ſilver rays of the pale luminary of night; and liſten to the inceſſant murmurings of the limpid ſtream, we bend by a ſpontaneous impulſe, to adore that power in whoſe beheſts all nature participates, and to whom the univerſal world, animate and inanimate, bears teſtimony by the harmony of its arrangement.

In theſe ponderous ruins, the wreck of former ages, we contemplate the revolutions of empires, the various changes of ſociety, the progreſſive improvement of the arts. By theſe monuments of antiquity, we are directed to the different æras and important ſcenes which chequer the page of hiſtory; and trace events to their cauſes, by the evident connexion and relationſhip between them.

We look back to the dark ages of Paganiſm, we recognize in our anceſtors thoſe

" Feros et indomitos Britannos,"

whoſe uncultivated and inhoſpitable manners were equally averſe from ſocial intercourſe and domeſtic enjoyment; we ſee them emerging from the thick clouds of barbariſm and ignorance, riſing into notice, celebrity, and eſtimation: laying the foundation of civil government in the eſtabliſhment of mutual dependence; modifying their native ferocity into cool and determined courage—offering their untutored minds to the voice of reaſon, and yielding up ſuperſtition a willing ſacrifice to the impulſe of truth.

We find them, once, blindly devoted to the hideous rites of idolatrous infatuation, now, by the practice of virtue and morality, aſpiring to the favour and protection of a juſt and impartial deity.

In the advancement of ſcience, we perceive the hand of philoſophy leading men forward to the moſt ſublime and exalted ſtudies; and again obſerve, that the labours and the induſtry of one generation, has often been baffled and deſtroyed by its immediate poſterity.—States and kingdoms have alternately riſen to the ſummit of human glory, and ſunk into melancholy oblivion. The weapons of war, and the hands which formed them, have alike mouldered into duſt. The adamantine doors, the almoſt impenetrable walls—all the contrivances, all the devices of mankind, have been inſufficient to perpetuate the fame of the victorious, the grandeur of the proud, or the honours of the mighty: and ſhall not theſe reflections fill our minds with ſerioufneſs and reverence? Shall we not then ſubmiſſively bow in humble adoration of that Divine Governor, who made and re-

gulates all things around us? To whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs all the viciſſitudes of life, and all the changes incident to our race muſt be referred, and who overlooks, with the moſt paternal care, every part of "this ſtupendous ſyſtem."

How little is man! vain are his purſuits! futile his exertions! The towering ſentiments of ambition, the ſecret machinations of deeply concerted ſchemes, are in one moment lowered with the ground, fruſtrated, and deſtroyed. The works of the cunning artificer ſcarcely ſurvive him, and all the mighty arrangements of the ſtateſman die with himſelf. "For when the breath of man goeth forth, he ſhall turn again to his earth, and then all his thoughts periſh."

"Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they ſtood, read the inſcription, tell me the victor's name! Rome itſelf! eternal Rome! the great city! the empreſs of the world! whoſe domination and ſuperſtition makes a great part of the hiſtory of the earth; what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were ſtrong and ſumptuous; but her hour is come, ſhe is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlaſting oblivion."

ANECDOTES *of the late* EMPEROR PAUL.

THE following particulars of this ſingular character have lately been publiſhed by Kotzebue:—

Paul had built a moſt magnificent palace, in which he had collected a great number of pictures and ſtatues, which he had ordered to be purchaſed in France and Italy: the expence of the whole amounted to eighteen millions of roubles. The palace was built in a moſt unwholeſome ſituation, and his phyſicians requeſted him not to reſide there, but in vain. He employed M. Kotzebue to draw up a detailed deſcription of the palace, which Kotzebue ſays, would have been one of the dulleſt books ever compoſed. The death of Paul, however, put an end to the work, and all the valuable articles were taken from the palace, which is now completely deſerted.

When the priſons were opened after the death of Paul, many very affecting ſcenes were witneſſed by thoſe who were charged with that office.—Among others an old colonel had been put in priſon, and his ſon, a gallant young officer, covered with wounds, having in vain applied for his releaſe, deſired to be ſhut up with his father. His requeſt was partly complied with, for he was put in priſon, but not with his father, who never knew of this noble conduct of his ſon until the latter came to announce to him their common liberty.

The firſt perſon who appeared in a round hat at Peterſburgh, after Paul's death, was followed in crowds, and people ran to their windows to look at him.

Paul was determined that none of his daughters ſhould be married contrary to their inclination.—When the Archduchefs Alexandria was about to depart, he diſplayed the moſt violent affliction: he returned ſeveral times to the carriage in which ſhe was, and wept while he embraced her.

A few days before his death, he went to the empreſs, and ſaid, "My angel, I am going to make you a preſent, which I am ſure will give you pleaſure." It was a pair of embroidered ſtockings, which were worked by ſome young ladies who were educated in a ſeminary under the patronage of the empreſs.

Origin of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Sadler's-Wells, &c.

[From Strutt's Sports and Paſtimes of the People of England.]

TOWARD the cloſe of the ſeventeenth century, the profeſſed muſicians aſſembled at certain houſes in the metropolis, called muſic-houſes, where they performed concerts, conſiſting of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, for the entertainment of the public; at the ſame period there were muſic-booths in Smithfield during the continuance of Bartholomew fair. An author of that time, however, ſpeaks very contemptuouſly of theſe muſic-meetings, profeſſing that he "had rather have heard an old barber * ring Whittington's bells upon a cittern, than all the muſic the houſe afforded." There were alſo muſic-clubs, or private meetings for the practice of muſic, which were exceedingly faſhionable with people of opulence. The muſic-houſes above-mentioned were ſometimes ſupported by ſubſcription; and from them originated three places of public entertainment well known in the preſent day, namely Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Sadler's-Wells.

Spring Gardens, now better known by the name of Vauxhall Gardens, is mentioned by Aubrey, in his "Antiquities of Surrey;" who informs us, that Sir Samuel Moreland "built a fine room at Vauxhall, the inſide all of looking-glaſs, and fountains very pleaſant to behold; which" adds he, "is much viſited by ſtrangers. It ſtands in the middle of the garden, covered with Corniſh ſlate, on the point whereof he placed a *punchanello*, very well carved, which held a dial; but the winds have demo-

liſhed

* The barbers formerly were often muſicians, and uſually kept a lute, a viol, or ſome other muſical inſtrument in their ſhops, to amuſe their cuſtomers while waiting; at preſent, in many places, the newſpaper is ſubſtituted for the inſtrument of muſic.

liſhed it."—" The houſe," ſays Sir John Hawkins, " ſeems to have been rebuilt ſince the time that Sir Samuel Moreland dwelt in it; and, there being a large garden belonging to it, planted with a great number of ſtately trees, and laid out in ſhady walks, it obtained the name of Spring Gardens; and, the houſe being converted into a tavern, or place of entertainment, it was frequented by the votaries of pleaſure."

This account is perfectly conſonant with the following paſſage in a paper of the Spectator: " We now arrived at Spring Gardens, which is exquiſitely pleaſant at this time of the year†. When I conſidered the fragancy of the walks and bowers, with choirs of birds that ſung upon the trees, and the looſe tribe of people that walked underneath their ſhades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradiſe." Some time afterward, the houſe and gardens came into the hands of a gentleman whoſe name was Jonathan Tyers, who opened it with an advertiſement of a *ridotto al freſco**; a term which the people of this country had till then been ſtrangers to.

Theſe entertainments were ſeveral times repeated in the courſe of the ſummer, and numbers reſorted to partake of them; which encouraged the proprietor to make his garden a place of muſical entertainment for every evening during the ſummer ſeaſon: to this end he was at great expence in decorating the gardens with paintings; he engaged an excellent band of muſicians, and iſſued ſilver tickets for admiſſion at a guinea each; and, receiving great encouragement, he ſet up an organ in the orcheſtra; and in a conſpicuous part of the gardens erected a ſtatue of Handel, the work of Roubiliac.

The ſucceſs of this undertaking was an encouragement to another of a ſimilar kind. A number of perſons purchaſed the houſe and gardens of the late Earl of Ranelagh; they erected a ſpacious building of timber, of a circular form, and within it an organ, and an orcheſtra capable of holding a numerous band of performers. The entertainment of the auditors during the performance is, either walking round the room, or refreſhing themſelves with tea and coffee in the receſſes thereof, which are conveniently adapted for that purpoſe.

We meet with what is ſaid, " to be a true account of Sadler's-Well," in a pamphlet publiſhed by a phyſician at the cloſe of the ſeventeenth century. " The water" ſays he, " of this well, before the reformation, was very much famed for ſeveral extraordinary cures performed thereby; and was thereupon accounted ſacred, and called Holy-Well. The prieſts belonging to the priory of Clerkenwell, uſing to attend there, made the people believe that the virtues of the water proceeded from the efficacy of their prayers: but, at the reformation, the well was

† This paper is dated May 20, 1712.

* Or entertainment of muſic in the open air.

ſtopped upon the ſuppoſition that the frequenting of it was altogether ſuperſtitious; and ſo by degrees it grew out of remembrance, and was wholly loſt until then found out; when a gentleman named Sadler, who had lately built a new muſic-houſe there, and being ſurveyor of the highways, had employed men to dig gravel in his garden, in the midſt whereof they found it ſtopped up and covered with an arch of ſtone."

After the deceaſe of Sadler, one Francis Forcer, a muſician and compoſer of ſongs, became occupier of the well and muſic-room; he was ſucceeded by his ſon, who firſt exhibited there the diverſion of rope-dancing and tumbling, which were then performed abroad in the garden. There is now a ſmall theatre appropriated to this purpoſe, furniſhed with a ſtage, ſcenes, and other decorations proper for the repreſentation of dramatic pieces and pantomimes. The diverſions of this place are of various kinds, and form, upon the whole, a ſucceſſion of performances very ſimilar to thoſe diſplayed in former ages, by the gleemen, the minſtrels, and the jugglers.

MEMOIRS *of the late* MRS. CRAWFORD.

MRS. CRAWFORD, as an actreſs, was once the chief ornament of the Britiſh ſtage, and poſſeſſed theatrical powers much above the conception of thoſe who only beheld her performances in her declining days. She was the daughter of a medical man at Bath, and was married very early in life to a Mr. Dancer, an obſcure theatrical performer.

After experiencing the viciſſitudes of a theatrical life ſome years in this country, ſhe arrived in Dublin, and attracted the notice of Barry, one of the very beſt actors of his day, and who even obtained a triumph over Garrick in ſome characters.

Mrs. Dancer engaged the attention of Barry by her perſonal charms, as well as by her great theatrical talents. Having performed under his protection for ſome years, during the life of Mrs. Barry, from whom he had been long ſeparated, and whom he had treated with a degree of neglect, which too plainly ſhews that they who, on the ſtage, can beſt imitate the tender paſſions, may be totally dead to their influence in private life, Mrs. Dancer was legally inveſted with thoſe domeſtic privileges which ſhe had previouſly enjoyed.

Barry, long before his ſecond marriage, brought Mrs. Dancer to this country, and ſhe made her firſt appearance at the little theatre in the Haymarket. She at once manifeſted the powers of a great actreſs, and was eagerly followed by the town. Such merit could not be kept from the metropolis. She ſoon obtained an eſtabliſhment at the winter theatre, and became the chief favourite of the public for many years.

Mrs. Barry

Mrs. Barry poſſeſſed a wonderful command over the feelings in tragedy, but ſhe was ſo admirable alſo in comic parts, that it is difficult to ſay in which province of the drama her excellence was moſt conſpicuous.

There was a piercing tenderneſs in ſome of her tones which it was impoſſible for the moſt torpid heart to reſiſt. Her genius was more evident in ſudden flaſhes than in a ſteady luſtre. When ſhe had delivered the words, and expreſſed the paſſions of the poet in ſuch a manner as to excite the ſtrongeſt and moſt agitating ſympathy, ſhe often fell into a careleſs negligence, as if ſhe had nothing more to do, and the ſpectators became as unconcerned as herſelf; but the moment ſhe reſumed her part, ſhe inſtantaneouſly regained all her power over the affections, and, perhaps, was more ſucceſsful in drawing tears from her auditory than any performer, male or female, of her day. Mrs. Barry wanted the grace and dignity of Mrs. Yates, who was the only actreſs of that time that could be placed in any competition with her; but, in the expreſſion of tenderneſs and agonizing grief, Mrs. Barry was greatly ſuperior.

The excellence of Mrs. Barry in comedy, was not leſs powerful. Nothing could be more animated, eaſy, gay, and we may indeed ſay, elegant than her Roſalind. Her voice in ſinging was charming, and her manner of giving the cuckoo ſong in that character, was the moſt playful, ſprightly, engaging performance of that kind ever known. She was admirable in Mrs. Sullen, and completely ſuſtained the ſpirit, gayety, point, and tenderneſs of the part.

The character of Lady Randolph was ſuppoſed to be her *chef d'œuvre* in tragedy, but her Belvidera, and, perhaps, her Alicia, had a more powerful hold upon the heart. In the part of Alicia, indeed, all that Churchill ſays of the excellence of Mrs. Cibber in that part, was ſtrictly applicable to Mrs. Barry.

The fate of Mrs. Barry holds forth a ſtriking leſſon to the female world. At a time of life when "the hey-day of the blood ought to be tame, and wait upon the judgement," ſhe was caught by the perſon of Mr. Crawford, an Iriſh barriſter, who was young enough to be her ſon, and who, after breaking her ſpirit, in a few years fell a victim to diſſipation, but not before her talents had ſunk under the influence of dejection, and the force of time.

The theatrical world alſo may derive a uſeful leſſon from her conduct. If her proud conſcioufneſs of her own merit had not betrayed her into caprice and arrogance toward the managers, ſhe might have maintained her ground in the opinion of the public for many years; and though it was impoſſible for her finally to prevent the introduction of Mrs. Siddons on the London boards, the ungovernable temper of Mrs. Crawford certainly

tainly haſtened the appearance of thoſe talents which burſt with meridian luſtre on the metropolis, and which, by the united force of genius and novelty, contributed to throw her into ſhades, from which, at her time of life, ſhe vainly attempted to emerge.

Driven by this powerful rival from the metropolis, ſhe occaſionally performed at provincial theatres, but her ſun had fallen below the horizon, and only a few parting rays gave faint traces of her former ſplendour.

Mrs. Crawford a few years ago made her appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, and thoſe who had formerly admired her, endeavoured to perſuade themſelves that ſhe retained a great portion of her original merit, while they who had not been witneſſes of that merit, derided the praiſes her friends were anxious to beſtow, and treated her fame as the effect of ignorance and bigotry. Indeed the ſentiment that aroſe in the minds of thoſe who knew her in better days, was rather a melancholy ſympathy in the decays of nature, than in the diſtreſſes of fiction.

She was an affecting example of what is ſaid by our great moral ſatyriſt,

——" Wiſdom's triumph is *well-tim'd retreat*,
" As hard a ſcience to the *fair* as *great*."

Mrs. Crawford died in obſcure apartments in Weſtminſter, November 29, 1801, and her remains were interred in a very private manner near thoſe of her huſband, the celebrated Barry, in Weſtminſter Abbey.

Remarkable INSTANCES *of* INTEGRITY.

M. PORTIUS CATO the elder, lived with that integrity, that though he was fifty times accuſed, he was yet ſo many times adjudged innocent, nor did he obtain this by favour or wealth, but againſt the favour and riches of almoſt the whole city. His honeſty and ſeverity had raiſed him up very many enemies, and much of envy, for he ſpared no man, nor was a friend to any who was not ſo to the commonwealth. At laſt, being accuſed in his old age, he required and obtained that Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, one of the chiefeſt of his enemies, ſhould be appointed for his judge: but even he acquitted him, and gave ſentence that he was innocent. Through this his confident action he ever after lived both in great glory and equal ſecurity.

It is ſaid of King Henry the Sixth of England, that he had one immunity peculiar, that no man could ever be revenged of him, ſeeing he never offered a man an injury; once for all let

his confeſſor be heard ſpeak, who in ten years confeſſion never found that he had ſaid or done any thing, for which he might juſtly be enjoined penance.

When the corpſe of Thomas Howard, ſecond Duke of Norfolk, was carried to be interred in the abbey of Thetford, Anno 1524, no perſon could demand of him one groat for debt, or reſtitution for any injury done by him.

Ariſtophon, the Athenian, uſed to boaſt amongſt his citizens, that whereas he had been ninety-five times cited and accuſed before the tribunal of juſtice, yet he had ever been abſolved and pronounced innocent, in every of thoſe trials.

Julius Druſus, a tribune of the people, had a houſe, that in many places lay open to the eyes of the neighbourhood. There came a workman to him, and told him that at the price of five talents, he would ſo alter it, that it ſhould not be liable to that inconvenience. "I will give thee ten talents," ſaid he, "if thou canſt make my houſe conſpicuous in every room of it, that ſo all the city may behold after what manner I lead my life." For he was a man of great temperance and moderation. Lipſius calls him Livius Druſus, and relates the ſtory in ſomewhat a different manner, though to the ſame purpoſe.

M. Cato the younger, was the flatterer of no mortal: he frequently oppoſed Pompey, fearing his greatneſs, for he eſteemed the commonwealth more dearly than any other perſon or thing. He was ſuſpicious and jealous of any thing that was beyond meaſure, as dreading an exceſs of power in any upon the ſcore of the republic. He ſided with the people in any thing for their advantage; and would freely deliver his opinion in things that were juſt, let the hazard and danger of doing it be as great as it would.

Ariſtides was the moſt juſt and honeſt perſon amongſt all the Greeks, and by reaſon of the glory and name he had gained, was in danger of a ten years exile, which, from the manner of the ſuffrage, the Greeks call Oſtraciſm. While they were now giving in their voices, and he himſelf was preſent, ſtanding in the crowd and throng of the people, there came one to him, who (not able to write himſelf) deſired him (being next to him) that he would write the name of Ariſtides in his ſhell, viz. him that he would have condemned and baniſhed. "Do you know him then," ſaid Ariſtides," or has he any ways injured you?" "Neither," ſaid the other, "but this is that which vexes me, and therefore I would he were condemned, becauſe I hear him called up and down, Ariſtides the juſt or honeſt." Ariſtides took his ſhell, and wrote his name in it as he had deſired.

An

An ANECDOTE *from the* FRENCH PAPERS.

CAFFARIELLI, a celebrated Italian ſinger, went into France in the time of the Princeſs of Saxe, who was very fond of muſic. He ſung ſeveral times at the concert of ſacred muſic, and before Louis XV. who ſent him a very elegant gold ſnuff-box by a gentleman of the chamber.—"What," ſaid the muſician, "does the King of France ſend me this box without his portrait?" "The King makes a preſent of this to no one but ambaſſadors." "To ambaſſadors," replied Caffarielli, "why then he ſhould make them ſing." The King, when this was related to him, laughed heartily.

But Caffarielli did not get off ſo eaſily with Cardinal Albani. His eminence invited him to ſing at a concert which he gave at his palace at Rome. The muſician promiſed to be there, but wilfully forgot the appointment. A meſſenger was ſent for him, who found him at his door in his robe de chambre. "His eminence waits for you." "*O, che diſgrazia*—I have entirely forgot the appointment; but will not another time do as well?" "No, you muſt come as you are." "In a robe de chambre!" "Yes, in a robe de chambre"—Caffarielli thought it extremely pleaſant to go to ſing in a robe de chambre before Cardinal Albani: he entered, made excuſes, and ſung an air; after which the major-domo deſired him to go into a cabinet, where he preſented to him a box of gold filled with ſequins; "there," ſaid the major-domo, "is the reward which his eminence has ſent you for the exertion of your talents, and he has at the ſame time ordered that you ſhould receive chaſtiſement for your inſolence." Immediately four footmen gave him a dozen blows upon his ſhoulders; and what was ſtill more cruel during this ſcene was, that whilſt he was roaring out with pain, thoſe who heard him called out, "Bravo, bravo, Caffarielli."

On DECEIT.

WE cannot bear to be deceived by our enemies, and betrayed by our friends; yet we are often content to be ſerved ſo by ourſelves.

It is eaſy to deceive ourſelves without *our* perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without *their* perceiving it.

A reſolution never to deceive, expoſes a man to be deceived himſelf.

Dulneſs is ſometimes a ſufficient ſecurity againſt the attack of an artful man.

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himſelf much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him deceives himſelf much more.

Some ACCOUNT *of a Remarkable* FISH.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

A Piece of water, at Thornville Royal, in Yorkſhire, which for ſeveral years had been ordered to be filled up, and for which purpoſe logs of wood, roots of trees, rubbiſh, &c. had been thrown into it, lately being found uſeful, was ordered to be cleared. It was almoſt choaked up with weeds and mud, ſo that little water remained, and it was not conceived that any fiſh, except poſſibly a few large eels, would be found in it, yet about two hundred brace of tench, of all ſizes, and as many perch, were found, about ten brace of which weighed from three to four pounds each.

After the pond was thought to be quite free, under ſome roots there ſeemed to be ſome animal, which was conceived to be an otter; the place was ſurrounded, and on opening an entrance among the roots, a tench was found of moſt extraordinary form, having literally aſſumed the ſhape of the hole in which he had for many years been confined. His form was an irregular ſemicircle; his length from fork to eye was two feet, nine inches; his circumference, to almoſt the tail, was two feet, two inches; his weight eleven pounds, nine ounces, and a quarter; his colour was alſo ſingular, as his belly was the colour of vermillion.

This extraordinary fiſh, after having been ſhewn to a ſculptor, who has taken a model of it, and to a number of gentlemen, was carefully put into a pond, but either from confinement, or age, or bulk, it only floated, and with difficulty, at laſt, ſwam gently away. It was alive and well very lately.

This curious cirumſtance ſeems worthy the notice of thoſe ingenious perſons who are laudably employed in conſidering the wonderful varieties of nature.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to S. Perry's Queſtion, inſerted September 14.

SUBSTITUTE $yz=x$, in the given equations, and we get $y^3z^3+y^3z=a$, and $y^7z^5+y^7z^2=b$; from the former of theſe we have $y=\frac{a}{z^3+z}$ one-third; now as y—cannot, by the queſtion, exceed 12, by a few trials, z will be found $=10$; hence $y=2$; and from above, $x=yz=20$. So that Mr. Perry was 20 years and 2 months old, at the time when he propoſed the queſtion.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to J. Tremlett's Rebus, inſerted November 23.

THE foreign ſtate you had in view
Is ORAN, Sir, and ſo adieu.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from A. L. of Poole; and J. Hill, J. Squance, and J. Smith, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh, to T. Jervis's Anagram, inſerted November 30.

THE title DIES is, I know,
Tranſpos'd 'twill SIDE, the party ſhew.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, Thomas Whicker, J. Hill, W. Strong, H. Humphreys, and J. Smith, of Exeter; and A. L. of Poole.

Anſwer, by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton, to Philandricus's Rebus, inſerted the 30th of November.

IT is the coward's ſtruck with fear,
When he is FIRING in the rear.

A REBUS, *by Juventus.*

AN Engliſh county you muſt name;
An Engliſh town then do the ſame;
An Engliſh herb you next muſt tell;
An Engliſh beaſt you know full well;
An Engliſh bird that flies by night;
An Engliſh tree then bring to ſight:
The initials join aright and true,
An Engliſh general you will view.

A REBUS, *by E. Penney, of Exeter, late of Aſhburton.*

FOR my firſt find a beaſt, that is crafty and ſly;
Next what is to Chriſtians a gift from on high;
The third is a paſſion, be it far from my breaſt;
The next is the portion of time to take reſt;
For the fifth find a term, by brokers much us'd;
And laſtly a virtue, by felons abus'd:
The initials take, and join them right,
And then my friend's name brought to light.

A REBUS, *by R. C. near Caſtle Cary.*

A Fruit of moſt delicious taſte;
A ſpecies of the canine race;
A tree whoſe fruit is greatly fam'd;
And then a fiſh muſt, Sirs, be nam'd;
A ſeat that in the church is found;
A plant that runs cloſe to the ground;
A bird that haunts for prey by night;
And laſt a ſpice you'll bring to ſight:
The initials join'd will bring to view
A well-known name, ſo, Sirs, adieu.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An occaſional Prologue, ſpoken to the hiſtorical Tragedy of King John, preſented by the young Gentlemen of Mr. Weatherdon's Academy, in Newton-Abbot, at their annual Exhibition, December, 1801.

WE'RE told by Shakeſpeare, " All the World's a Stage;
" And all men, e'en from infancy to age,
" Are merely players:"—Birth does entrance ſhow;
And all, in death, their final exits know:
But whilſt they on the ſtage of life remain,
Some parts they act of pleaſure, ſome of pain;
In checquer'd garb they various ſcenes diſplay,
Serious and comic, ſorrowful and gay;
In quick ſucceſſion num'rous changes riſe,
Deſigns perplex, and incidents ſurpriſe;
The doubtful track they yet with toil explore,
'Till tir'd they ſleep, and life's poor play is o'er.
The drama then but holds to public view,
The real ſcenes that men thro' life purſue;
Actions in gen'ral, good and bad, are ſhown,
And ev'ry character is here made known;
The various paſſions of the human mind
Are all diſplay'd—to benefit mankind:
Dramatic themes in pleaſing form adviſe,
Whatever tends to make us good or wiſe;
Tho' wrapp'd in fable, truth pervades the veil,
And the couch'd moral enters with the tale;
Examples likewiſe picture to our eyes,
What we ſhould imitate, and what deſpiſe;
But yet the actor's part is hard to tread:
(Unhappy they who ſeek that path for bread)
Should any aſk, why we ſuch courſes take?
We boldly anſwer " for improvement's ſake;"
To ſpeak with freedom, dignity, and eaſe;
To practiſe arts that may hereafter pleaſe;
To raiſe good manners to what height we can,
And learn thoſe graces that adorn the man:
Beſides, a nobler end is ſtill behind;
The poet's labours elevate the mind;
Teach our young hearts with gen'rous fire to glow,
Virtue to feel, and ſacred truth to know.

Our play to night ſets forth in tragic ſtrain,
The various acts of John's deteſted reign;
Beneath whoſe tyranny, the ſtory ſhows,
How loyal Britons brav'd their country's foes;
Quell'd civil diſcord; aided freedom's cauſe,
And fix'd the grand palladium* of our laws;
The ſcenes abound with horrid war's alarms,
But ſhow you France ſubdu'd by Britiſh arms:
Thoſe arms which anciently bore ſov'reign ſway,
And trembling nations did their pow'r obey;

Thoſe

* *Magna Charta.*

Thoſe arms which lately humbled Gallic pride,
And ſwept from Egypt's ſhores oppreſſion's tide;
Then, crown'd with glory, ſummon'd war to ceaſe,
And thro' th' aſtoniſh'd world eſtabliſh'd peace.
Then hail, Britannia! ſince thy trouble's o'er,
Since peace, ſweet nymph! returns to bleſs thy ſhore.
Now martial clangour ſhall no more reſound,
No more ſhall ſlaughter'd heaps beſtrew the ground:
The ſword, deep purpled with the blood of ſlain,
Now, poliſh'd bright, ſhall in the ſheath remain;
Our banners widely thro' each clime diſplay'd,
Now furl'd ſhall reſt beneath the olive's ſhade;
Diſbanded troops, forſaking martial toil,
Shall home return to cultivate the ſoil;
Succeeding ſeaſons ſhall again adorn,
Our hills with flocks, our fertile vales with corn;
Sweet plenty ſhall, with overflowing hand,
Her bounties ſcatter o'er the peaceful land;
All arts ſhall flouriſh, ſciences ſhall ſmile,
And trade and commerce bleſs our happy iſle.

But let me now your kind indulgence aſk,
Which much we need, whilſt we perform our taſk;
We dare not ſtand the teſt of critic laws,
From candour only we expect applauſe;
Then let not harſh ſeverity deride,
Thoſe early efforts of ingenuous pride;
We'll do our beſt; our merits fairly try;
Who bravely ſtruggle, cannot baſely die;
O let deſert then, whereſoever found,
Meet due reward, and be with laurels crown'd!

ELEGY *on a* SPANIEL LOST *in* LONDON.

'TIS not the nodding plume, or ſable hearſe,
The ſolemn pageants of ſome great man's bier;
In ſimple ſtrains and ſoft elegiac verſe,
O'er Cato's death I drop a plaintive tear.

The ſober ev'ning meal had long been cloſ'd;
The watchman's cries throughout the ſtreet reſound;
Cæſar and Puſs before the fire repoſ'd,
But thro' the houſe no Cato can be found.

'Tis thought that when ſome friendly gueſts withdrew,
The ſilly beaſt ruſh'd thro' the op'ning door,
Forgot the comforts which by uſe he knew,
And hop'd to find that novelty had more.

Blind to futurity! he little thought
How vaſt the dangers of this wicked town;
He was a prize which cruel ruffians fought;
His furry coat their horrid work would crown.

'Tis thought they ſtripp'd him of his gloſſy ſkin,
To make a covering for an elfin's head:
His cries and groans they valu'd not a pin,
Laugh'd at his agonies, and left him dead.

His mangled corſe, and others of his kind,
Whom theſe ferocious murd'rers chanc'd to meet,
In ſufferings and in death thus ſadly join'd,
Were left to periſh in a private ſtreet.